

CHARIVARIA.

THE settlement of the dispute between Mlle. PAVLOVA and M. MORDKIN without reference to the tribunal at the Hague is said to have caused some little jealousy there, especially as there will now be some confusion as to where the Palace of Peace is situate.

We are glad to see that the present occupant of the Woolsack has kept his wool on and declined the sack.

Professor SIEFER suggests that, with a view to bringing about a better understanding between the two countries, the study of the German language should be promoted here. It is dangerous, of course, to generalise from a particular instance, but we know a small boy who has just begun to struggle with the intricacies of the German language at school, and his feelings towards the country concerned grow daily more bitter.

Colonel SEELY, the Under-Secretary for War, has made a successful ascent in an aeroplane. We understand that the only reason why Lord HALDANE has not yet followed this example is the difficulty in finding a machine sufficiently stable.

In reply to a request from the Wembley District Council the Post-Master-General has stated that he is unable to place Wembley in the North-Western Postal District. The expense of removing the houses would alone be prohibitive.

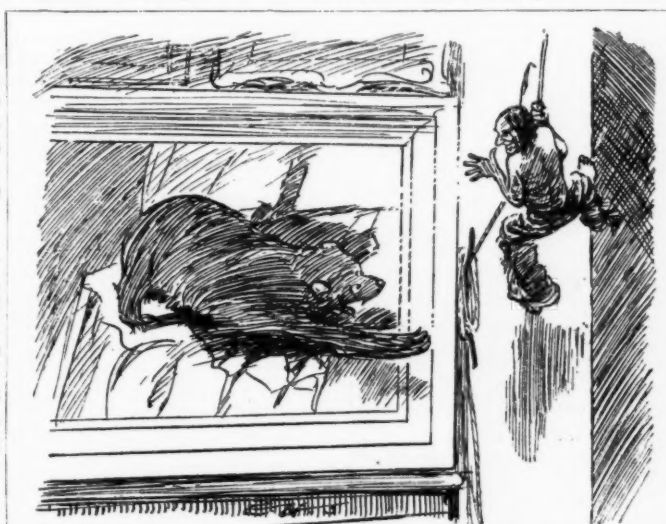
The taxi-cab drivers are still threatening to strike, if the proprietors should persist in their efforts to deprive them of the right to forget to register extras.

A pugilist who was released from prison the other day, after serving a term of five years' imprisonment for manslaughter, was found to have increased in weight by two stone during his incarceration. It is now suggested that, if universal service should be delayed much longer, the national physique might be improved by sending everyone to prison for a certain period.

The Coronation is eclipsing everything this year. The Government expedition which went to the South Pacific to observe the eclipse of the sun, only succeeded in obtaining some photographs of the Corona.

A discovery made by Dr. W. J. KILNER shows that every man and woman has a halo. In spite of meetings of protest the Latter-Day Saint movement has evidently made enormous progress.

By the way, although Mr. SARGENT declared, some little time ago, that it was his intention to paint no more portraits, his design for an Archbishop of CANTERBURY is said to show a more than slight resemblance to the distinguished divine who bears that title.



SATISFACTORY SOLUTION (THANKS TO A FRIENDLY VENTILATOR CORD) OF MR. DOLLMAN'S PICTURE IN ROOM XI. AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A San Francisco lady is claiming £4,000 damages against a New York hair-dye company, because a preparation which she purchased for the purpose of making her hair black dyed it green. This does not look as if the value of post-impressionism is yet fully appreciated in America.

"Stevenson to be mobilised" is the neat title which *The Globe* gives to an announcement of the forthcoming uniform edition of the Master's works. Our contemporary might have gone on to say that the mobilisation will be followed by several reviews—but was, no doubt, well advised not to do so.

Red tape again! We are informed that the request that mixed bathing should be allowed in the water which flows round the base of the QUEEN VICTORIA Memorial has been refused.

The City of Montreal, it is announced, is to erect and maintain an exhibition building for the permanent display of goods of British manufacture. In America it is suggested that the building shall bear the title "Museum."

An interesting fight between Capital and Labour is now taking place in America. It sounds incredible in these days, and in such a go-ahead country as the United States, but an attempt is being made to deprive the Trade Unionists of the right to blow up employers' buildings with dynamite.

We are astonished that it has never occurred to the Tariff Reform Party that it would be good policy to favour Women's Suffrage. From what we know of the Sex, every woman would give her vote in favour of the Power to Bargain.

A German statistician has calculated that, roughly, there are 1,200,000,000,000 bees in the world. It is, of course, impossible to give the exact figures, as so many persons hide their bees in their bonnets.

A centre forward, a lion-tamer, and a curate, we are told, have been found engagements by the Manchester Labour Exchange. We do hope that there was no muddling, and that each got the right post.

"The Lord Chancellor has intimated to Court dressmakers that no lady wearing a tight skirt will be allowed to appear at any of the forthcoming Court functions."—*Ex ter Express*. It seems that Lord LOREBURN is fairly letting himself go.

"The Church pronounced against polygamy, or, to continue the use of the good Anglo-Saxon word, 'bigamy.'"—*London Magazine*. It's jolly to think that there is always an Anglo-Saxon equivalent, even if it's not quite so forcible as the imported word.

"Whether there be any 'mute and glorious Hampdens,' there is no doubt that the conditions of the political warfare give little scope for the advance of any nascent ability in the ranks."—*Daily Dispatch*.

The glorious silence of the Hampdens, who should be singing at this hour, is a matter for congratulation.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

No. IX.—THE SWEEP'S WISH.

THER wos wunce a merchant he wos verry ritsh and had menny pounds in his pokets but he didnt like gerls so he had fifteen dorders his wiph kep bringing them to him wun arfter anuther heers anuther gerl Henry she sed and the merchant sed take her away Im tired of dorders wot hav I dun to git so menny and his wiph sed Im sure I dont no hadent we better arsk the fairies but the merchant only larfed merchants dont believe in fairies.

Wel wun day wen the merchant wos having his break-fus his wiph sudnly cum in a grate state of xitement she wos throing her arms about and darsning.

Wots the matter sed the merchant eeting an eg at the same time.

I shant tell you she sed you must gess.

O sed the merchant the cats skratshd the baby.

No she sed gess agen.

Then the dogs got lus and eetn the ise pudn.

Rong sed the wiph your gessing verry badly today.

Im not going to gess enny more sed the merchant its all nonsins.

No sed the wiph it isent nonsins its a butifle littel baby boy and she cald the norse and ther wos a baby boy line asleep in a cradel hed got a littel blak splotsh on his faze but the norse sed it wood wosh orf.

Wen the merchant sor this he wos as proude a lion he gav his wiph a thousen pounds and 2 nu dresses and a dimond nekliss and that nite all the fifteen dorders kame to super and they had lots of fun they didnt go to bed til ten oklok and then they warked up verry quitely sos not to wake the baby and they kristnd him Willyum arfter the merchant's uncle he wos a duke.

Wen Willyum wos twenty yeers old the merchant wos ritsher than ever and Willyum wos the hansimest boy in London he wos verry kind to his muther and his sisters all luvd him he let them ride on his pony and play with his stiks and umbellers and he had a wotsh it opend wen you blu and he was as strongs a ephelant.

Wun day a man cum to the hous his faze wos blak and his hands wer blak but his eyes wer wite he wos a sweep.

Good morning sed the merchant we dont wont no chimles sweeping here.

O sed the man I havent cum about chimles Ive cum about a son.

Wot son sed the merchant.

Wy your son sed the sweep he's my son and Im going to take him away.

How dyou no hes yours sed the merchant.

He had a blak splotsh on his faze wen he wos a baby sed the sweep.

Yes he had sed the merchant but the norse woshd it orf.

That dosent matter sed the sweep I put it ther sos to no him agen.

Wel sed the merchant hes mine now Ive had him for yeers and Im going to keep him hows my merchanting going to git on without him.

And hows my sweeping going to git on without him sed the sweep.

Then the merchant and the sweep had a fite but it wos no good they coodent beat wun anuther they rold all over the flore and nokd down the tabels and chares and then they went and woshed theirselves and bagen fiting agen.

This time the sweep got the merchant down and sat on him haha sed the sweep Ive got you now will you giv me my son to help sweeping chimles.

Yes sed the merchant you can have him but ferst take this ring its a wishing ring my granmuther gav it me if you rub it 3 times you can wish yourself to be enthing you like.

Alrite sed the sweep Ill take it wot can I wish.

Woodent you like to be emper of Aysher sed the merchant yes sed the sweep thatl do so he tuk the ring and put it on his finger then he rubd it 3 times and sed I wont to be emper of Aysher and ferst his blak dropd orf his skin then his cloths wer changed to purpel and gold and he had a croun on his hed this is sumthing like he sed and then he got a septer in his hand and then sudnly he flu out thru the winder becos emper of Aysher liv in Aysher and hed got to go there to his palis.

Its a good riduns sed the merchant heel never cum bak thers only wun wish in that ring hes got to be emper of Aysher all his life.

Then the merchant cald his wiph and his son and his fifteen dorders and told them wot hapnd and they wer all very pleased speshly Willyum he coodent bare to be a sweep its tu dirty for me he sed and that week all the dorders wer marred and Willyum went on been a merchant in his fathers offis the merchant and his wiph never had no more childern but they didnt mind that and the sweep stade in Aysher so they wernt botherd with him.

THE UNDYING FLAME.

Too soon, when the Spring has released us

From Winter, his rage and his rods,

We banish the Fire-god, Hephaestus,

The best of the gods;

Forlorn in my desolate "sitter,"

Too soon I am bound to grow bitter

For lack of his warmth and his glitter,

And the poker's affectionate prods.

We are sons, I suppose, of the Viking

Who conquered the storm and the wave,

And although it is not to our liking

We have to be brave;

So we say, "There shall be no surrender,

The sun has arrived in his splendour;"

And we put an old fern in the fender,

A garland of flowers on a grave!

But the Sun-god so frequently loses

His way, or has punctured a tyre;

And chilled is the heart of the Muses,

And hushed is the lyre;

And scarcely a song-bird has carolled,

But still we go lightly apparelled,

And bear it, remembering HAROLD

And TOSTIG, and don't have a fire.

I call it unspeakably silly;

Yes, even in years that are hot,

I shudder, I shrink from that stilly

And ghost-haunted grot;

Ah, would that some builder would fashion

The home of my dreams, of my passion,

Where Yule-logs are rosy and ashen,

Let the weather be no matter what!

From May to the end of September,

By no superstition enticed,

The brand, the Olympian ember,

The booty unpriced

That was boned from on high by Prometheus

(All hail to his nerve and his knee-thews!)

I should still (in the caviller's teeth) use,—

And the rest of the house should be iced.

EVOR.

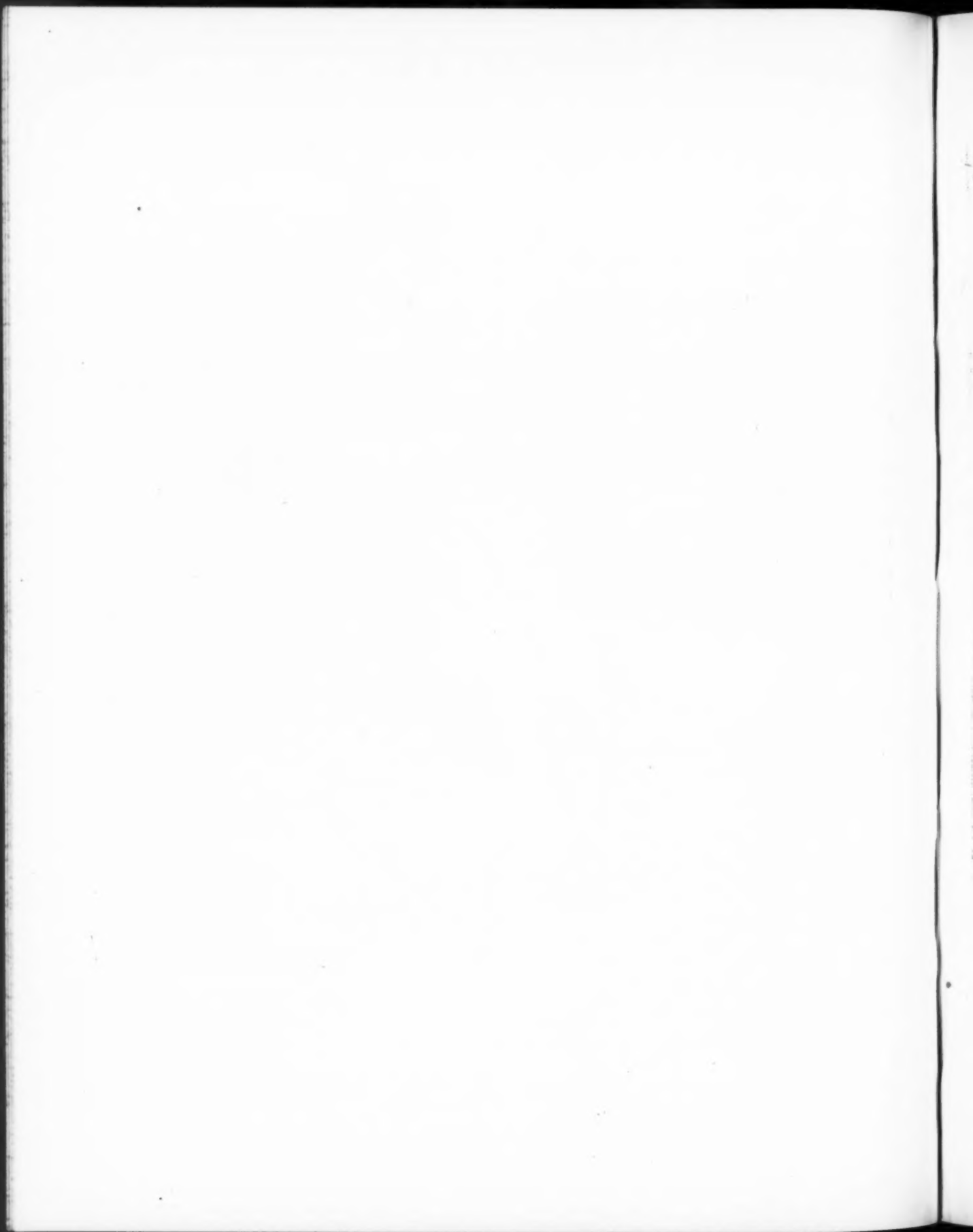


THE CAMPBELLS ARE GOING.

(All roads lead out of Scotland.)

DISTANT VOICES (*singing*). "MY HEART'S IN THE HIELAN'S."
CALEDONIA. "AY, BUT THE REST OF YE IS AWA'."

[Official returns, showing a large decrease in the population of Scotland, are causing alarm in Caledonian circles.]





OUR AMENDE.

MR. PUNCH HAS RECEIVED SEVERAL COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE SLOVENLINESS IN DRESS OF THE CLERGYMEN DEPICTED IN HIS PAGES. HE CANNOT ANY LONGER LIE UNDER THIS REPROACH AND HAS SPECIALLY SUMMONED HIS FASHION ARTIST FROM MAYFAIR TO PUT IN THE CLERICAL FIGURE ABOVE.

The Countess Blenkinsop (supported by the Earl Blenkinsop, Captain Lord Ranelagh, Lady Ermynttrude D'Arcy-Osborne and the Hon. Algernon D'Arcy-Osborne, to their guest, the Rev. Septimus Brocade). "WE ARE QUITE SIMPLE PEOPLE, MR. BROCADE, AND WE DO HOPE YOU WON'T FEEL THAT WE EXPECT YOU TO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES FOR TEA."

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK is constructed so as to hold the complete equipment of service hats required by every officer, vide "Dress Regulations, 1908."

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK is exceedingly strong, being made of steel with gun-metal hinges.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK can be easily moved by a fatigue party of one N.C.O. (sergeant, if possible) and 19 men. The stores required are as follows:—

- 1 20-ton "Jack" lifting hydraulic.
- 6 planks, oak, 10 inches by 17 inches by 3 inches.
- 8 6-inch ground rollers, elm.
- 1 heavy gun tackle, a treble and double 9-inch block, with a fall of 3½-inch rope, 15 fathoms long.
- 1 crab capstan (when moving the trunk up an incline).

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK can be converted into a strong case for the grand piano.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK may be used on service as an absolutely impregnable obstacle, or a bomb-proof shelter.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK will be found, without its lid, a perfectly seaworthy eight-oar gig. The lid may be used as a bath.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK is an ideal receptacle for the mess silver, the band instruments, and the regimental trophies.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK.

Colonel Currie Liver, C.B., writes: "I found no very great difficulty in moving the trunk when we left Pickle-kidnie for Devilishpoore (our present station) as I was able to charter a traction-engine for the purpose."

"I have persuaded my husband to let me use his fascinating trunk for my hats."—H. DELANEY KNOX (Mrs.).

"We wish you every success! A boon to trade. It undoubtedly fills a gap."—MANAGER, West-Eastern Railway.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK. NOTICE.

Owing to the Army Council's recent issue of a new "Shako," the PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK will necessarily have to be enlarged.

The Daily Mirror finishes up its description of an encounter with burglars thus:—

"He threw up the window of his room and fired with a revolver at a man below, who escaped. The only article of value missed was an old silver épergne."

It must be a consolation to the marksman to know that, even if he missed the burglar, he scored several bulls among the old silver. Amid the hail of bullets the épergne seems to have borne a charmed life.

"SAISON RUSSE."

If Harry had not been so anxious to take me to see the Russian Dancers, it would never have happened; as it was, MICHAEL MORDEIN entirely upset all my previous ideas of manly beauty in general, and Harry's in particular. In the Tube going home my throbbing brain was filled with soul-stirring memories of that gay and glorious young Greek god—or was it a shepherd?—anyhow, it was something with dark clustering curls and a bow and arrow, who, with one of his exquisite, intoxicatingly exquisite leaps, had landed

"Right O," said Harry, a note of gladness in his.

"Oh, he was glorious, wonderful, never, never-to-be-forgotten," I murmured passionately.

"Who?" inquired Harry.

"MICHAEL," I replied softly. "Oh, Harry, those beautiful leaps of his, when he hung poised in the air for a moment, with one symmetrical leg trailing behind!"

"That's easy enough," remarked Harry scornfully; "it's only hurdling without the hurdles."

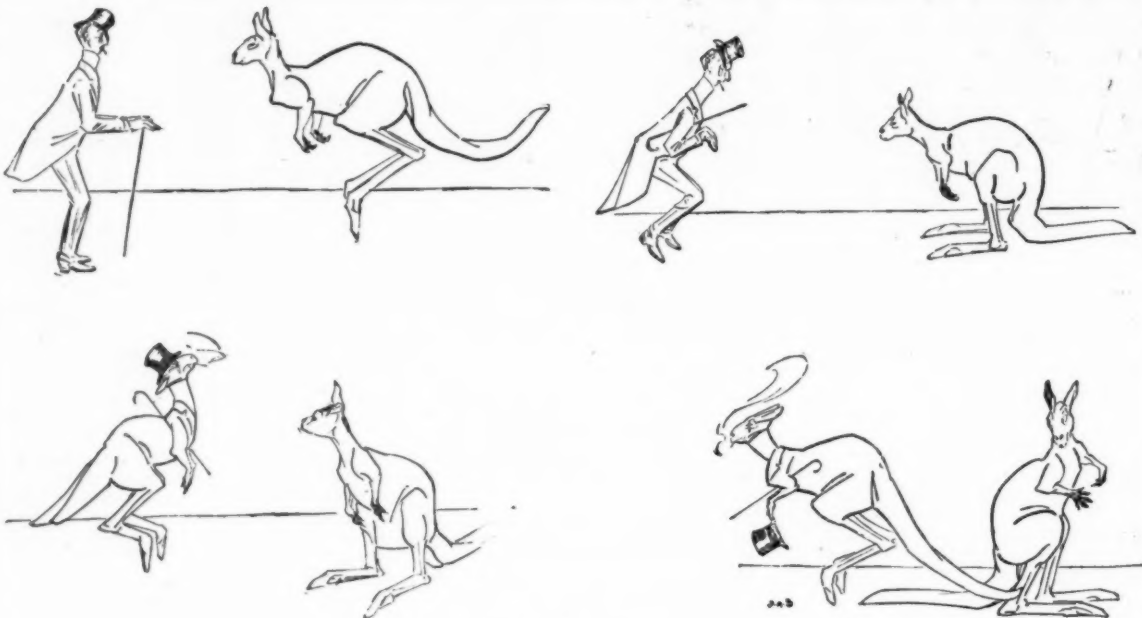
"Easy, is it?" I retorted. "I should like to see you do it, anyhow."

perfect grace and beauty as hers, poised on the tips of those wonderful little feet."

"Oh, that's only a trick," I said; "anyone can do it with practice."

"Can they?" said Harry. He looked at me, as I thought, with a rather contemptuous expression, and lo! I seemed to see myself stodgy and insignificant, dowdily clad and plainly featured. It was horrid, so was the remote far-away look in Harry's eyes. He has beautiful blue eyes, by the way, but just then they seemed to be looking right beyond and above me.

"Yes, she's quite good," I remarked



LIKE TO LIKE.

straight into a heart I had hitherto believed was exclusively engaged by another. Then I woke from my rainbow visions, looked across at Harry on the opposite seat, and realized with a horrid pang that I had promised to marry him. How heavy, how dull, how earthly he looked; how unromantic his bowler hat, how depressing his overcoat, how terribly commonplace his tweed trousers! Could I bear it? My eyes closed. Again the gay and graceful young god, or whatever he was, flashed across my vision, and I decided I could not.

"Well," said Harry, with an evident effort, as we walked home, "what did you think of it?"

"We must go again!" I answered in a suppressed voice.

"You have," he replied; "you saw me win the hurdles last year."

His words called up a vivid recollection of a lanky youth in shorts with a red face and dishevelled hair scrambling over a few fences in a foggy field. I drew in my breath with a shudder and said no more, but once again sank into a blissful nerve-vibrating reverie. Then I became aware that Harry had apparently forgotten my existence and was talking to himself.

"Divine!" he murmured; "beautiful mocking sprite! A drifting rose-petal, a floating feather!"

"What are you burling about?" I said sharply.

"ANNA," he answered softly—"ANNA PAVLOVA—or however you pronounce it. I had never dreamed of such

briskly. He made no reply, but his head drooped dejectedly. I forgot my own hopelessness and slipped my hand in his. His fingers closed round mine and our eyes met in a long understanding look of mutual sympathy.

"Harry, old man," I faltered, "on second thoughts I think we won't go again."

"Right O, little woman," he replied, and we sighed two big sighs of mingled regret and relief.

"The public of Nelson have now the opportunity of hearing Mlle. Antonio Dolores, whose name is legion all over the world."

The Colonist.

Except in England, where there are comparatively few women called Antonio.



"I'M OFTEN THANKFUL I AIN'T A COPPER. MUST BE A TEJIOUS LIFE 'ANGIN' ABAHT AN' LOITERIN'."

ALL GIRLS.

A PROTEST.

SIR,—I wish as a man to record an injustice to men and to lodge a complaint against theatre-managers and dramatists—whichever of them it is that gives new plays their titles.

My grievance is that the impression conveyed by these titles is that only women are interesting on the stage. Go to any play you like and you will find that the men in it are as important as the women; and yet, if the title is to be trusted, women, and only women, are involved. How often does a man get into the title? I ask you. One did recently—in "The Man from Mexico"—and before that we had "A Man's Shadow" and "The Man from Blankley's"; but how few and far between! Look at the plays of the moment in any newspaper. The first to catch the eye is "The Quaker Girl." Girl, you observe. Why not Quaker Boy? Because (I am told) no one would then go to see it! True; but what an injustice to man, equal to

any of the so-called injustices to women of which we hear so much—too much. Then "Peggy," then "Lady Patricia," then "A Doll's House," then "Fanny's First Play" (why not "George's Last Play" for example?), then "Cousin Kate," then "The Girl in the Train"—always girls, you notice. There are men in this train too—otherwise there would be no drama (there isn't very much any way)—but do you suppose it ever occurred to the author or manager to name it after them? Never! And what had come before it? "The Girls of Gottenberg," "The Shop Girl," "The Balkan Princess," "The Dollar Princess," "The Merry Widow" (are widowers never merry, then?), "The Woman in the Case," and myriads more.

Girls, girls, girls—that is the rule; and the nauseous part of it is (as I must admit) that the rule was drawn up by men. There is no *esprit-de-corps*. That is what England wants—*esprit-de-corps*.

I am, yours, etc.,

AN INTERESTING MAN.

"Bridegroom to bridesmaids—Tumaline ear-rings and tumaline brooch."

Cumberland News.

A pity; they ought to have matched.

The Advertisement: "Wanted a quiet Confidential Hack, for a lady beginner. Must not be expensive."—*Times of India.*

The Reply: "MADAM,—Having read an advertisement in to-day's *Times of India* that you require a quiet and confidential hack, I beg to apply myself for the place. I am a graduate of the Bombay University, having passed my B.A. in 1910. I belong to a very good and respectable family. I am at present without any employment whatsoever, and hence I can very well serve you as a hack. As to terms, I shall be glad to accept any reasonable offer made by you. We can talk about the matter, if you will kindly write to me to see you personally in the matter at your place, which I shall do with the greatest pleasure and the utmost speed.

"Yours faithfully,

"_____"

OUR CORONATION ODE.

UPLIFT thee, Muse—

(By the way I ought to have said at once that this Ode is going to be recited by Mrs. Banting-Bate in our village on Coronation Day. The Vicar asked me to write it, and though I am not much good at poetry I couldn't very well refuse.)

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us how and when

Beneath the shadow of the Larger Ben

The King of England and the Queen were crowned—

With lumti-umti-umti standing round—

(I have still to put the finishing-touches to my Ode, but I want to make the scheme of it public before the other poets come out with theirs; so that no one can accuse me afterwards of plagiarism.)

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us why and where

So many what-d'you-call-ems sit and stare

Upon the King of England and the Queen

In tooral-ooral umti-something sheen—

(You see the idea.)

But most uplift thee, Muse, to tell of those

Who, for the lack of necessary clothes,

Or else because they do not like a crush,
Remain behind at Bewdlay-on-the-Mush—*(our village).*

Their hearts beat just as loyally as if,

Clad in a something-umthing collar stiff,

Or in a lumti-tumti harem gown

They'd left the country for the stifling town.

Loyalty bursts from every heart in spates,

But, most of all, from Mr. Banting-Bate's!—

(Husband of Mrs. Banting-Bate. He has very kindly lent his hill for the bonfire. There will be a pause here, while the Vicar leads the cheering.)

Lo, lightly dawns at last the day of Kings,

Of Poms and Power and Pageantry and things,

When to the Abbey goes beloved George—

Ter-rumti-umti-umti forge or gorge—

(This line doesn't look very promising at present.)

Archbishop, Bishop, Dean, Archdeacon, Priest,

Gathered from North and South and West and East,

Duke, Marquis, Earl, Baron and Baronet

And Viscount too, in solemn conclave met,

Salute him, England's monarch—"George the Fifth!"

(Tremendous applause, led by Mr. Banting-Bate.

I hope it will go on long enough to hide the fact that we are going to lose a line here. The fact is there is simply no rhyme to "fifth.")

And lo! the cheers break forth, both long and loud,

From everybody in the Abbey's crowd—

From Duke and Deacon, from *The Daily Mail's*

Own correspondent and the Prince of Wales.

Still more they cheer (how much I cannot tell)

As soon as good Queen Mary's crowned as well—

(Applause led by Mrs. Bletcherstone, who inaugurated the Mary Fund in our village.)

The ceremony over, then they go

Around the city in procession slow;

In all the pageantry of pomp and power

They ride through London for about an hour—*(roughly.)*

Let us, dear people, let us leave them there—

So kingly, queenly, noble and so fair.

(A pause, while Miss Gathers of the Post Office presents Mrs. Banting-Bate with a glass of water.)

So much for that. And now a solemn hush

Comes o'er us here in Bewdlay-on-the-Mush.

These scenes which I have tried to adumbrate—

The Coronation and the March in State—

These scenes are not for us—except, I hope,

Upon the Little Bewdlay bioscope.

But even here, remote from King and Queen,

How great our preparat-i-ons have been!

Some say the tale of it has darkly spread

From Upper Bewdlay down to Bewdlay Head—

(Two important towns in the neighbourhood.)

Who knows but what a rumour of the thing

Has even reached our gracious Queen and King!

How that a certain resident of fame—*(Mr. Banting-Bate)*

Has nobly lent the place which bears his name—

(Banting Place. Mr. Bate took the additional name of Banting when he took the place. And, to be exact, he has only lent one hill on the Estate.)

That there a bonfire might be built and burnt

And lessons too of loyalty be learnt—

(I mean, of course, that the bonfire will in itself be a lesson. Not that any sort of continuation class will be held upon the ashes.)

Moreover, how the Vicar will assist

Supported by his kindly wife, I wist—

(Not good—and might easily be misinterpreted. Will alter)

When all the children each receive a mug

Designed by Mrs. Welington (*née* Sugg)—

(An extraordinary bit of luck. I don't know what I should have done for a rhyme otherwise.)

Next, Muse, take out thy lyre and sing the song

Short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long

(A difficulty here being that the rest of the celebrations are not yet decided upon. However, I anticipate no trouble when once the facts are in my hands.)

* * * * *

Now let us turn our thoughts across the sea

To where the Union Jack is waving free!

I breathe upon my magic harp and sing

The what's-its-name of what-d'you-call-the-thing—

(I want a good phrase for Empire.)

For lo! ter-umti-tooral-ooral-ay—

(This part is all a little in the rough at present. When polished up it will take up about ten lines. After that it will finish up quite quickly like this)

And now, good people, one thing still remains

Ere we go out into the fields and lanes;

One thing before we leave this solemn scene—

Namely to cry "God Save the King and Queen!"

A. A. M.

THE UNHAPPY MEAN.

THE man had gone on his bended knee and proposed marriage to a lady, and the lady, being willing to marry and not otherwise engaged, had said "Yes," or uttered sounds to that effect. The parents had consented, and in due course had telephoned to the London Stores and ordered a wedding. But neither the lucky man, nor the accommodating lady, nor either of the affable parents, was the leading character in this drama. The protagonists were a nasty young man in patent leather boots, whose duty it was to show the invited guests to their proper seats in the church, and a nice old gentleman in spats, who attended the ceremony in the double capacity of uncle of the bride and second cousin of the bridegroom.

"This way, please," said the young man to the elder as he met him at the door and took him in charge. "Relatives of the bride will sit on the left side of the aisle, relatives of the bridegroom on the right. Which are you?"

"Both," said the old gentleman, pleasantly; "shall I stand in the aisle?"

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.

109



A CASE FOR THE SOCIETY
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY
TO CHILDREN.

131



"YES, I ALWAYS USED TO WEAR
THE ORDER OF MERIT—EVEN IN
PYJAMAS—A
...NE"

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DONNA QUIXOTE, THE SUFFRAGE S.C.O.U.T.,
LOOKING INTO THE PROMISED LAND:
OR, POOR SPORT IN THE
SINAI PENINSULA.

85



"NURSEY GOES BELOW"
("NO FLOWERS")





THE PRICE OF HONOUR.

Irrascient Youth. "I SUPPOSE IF THEY OFFERED YOU ONE OF THOSE VETO PEERAGES YOU'D SWALLOW THE INSULT?"

Pompous Radical (his uncle by marriage). "I HOPE I SHOULD BE PREPARED TO MAKE ANY SACRIFICE FOR MY COUNTRY'S WELFARE, NO MATTER WHAT IT COST ME."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

No. 2.—MY INTRODUCTION TO GRASSO.

Thrilling experiences of Mr. F. C. Selous.

IN a life so largely given up to big game shooting as mine, there has naturally been little time for the more polite and pacific amenities of civilization. Hence I have seen but few plays and met fewer players. When therefore I received, last week, an invitation to visit the Hippodrome and see the Sicilians and afterwards sup with the famous Signor Grasso I gladly consented.

Of the play I say nothing. It was *Mafia*, and sufficiently thrilling; but I am no dramatic critic. But of Grasso, as I met him after the play, I have done little but think since, and can write freely now that my arm is better and the bandages are off my head.

But let me tell the story as it happened. We were to meet in a private room in an Italian restaurant. I arrived first, and was standing by the fireplace meditating on the Sicilians

and their emotional art when I was conscious of a thundering on the stairs and a tremor of the whole building, accompanied by a rich roaring as of a peculiarly unctuous lion. As the sound drew nearer I could distinguish some Italian words, among them prominently "*Illustrissimo Inglese*," "*Maraviglioso cacciatore*," and "*Tiratore intrepido*." Then with a crash the door was burst in, and into the room there sprang the ardent Sicilian with his arms outstretched. He made but one spring and was on me. We fell together, his teeth affectionately but firmly fleshed in my left ear and his arms embracing me with the grip of a boa-constrictor. All the while he was uttering expressions indicative of the joy it gave him to be privileged to meet me, whom he styled his "*incomparabile gallo di combattimento*."

I struggled to get free, but in vain. I replied in my best Italian that the honour was no less mine, and I was proud indeed to be on terms of intimacy with such an artist. He liked this and changed to my other ear. At length

he released me and rose, and, seizing a glass from the table, filled it with *Chianti*, emptied it at a draught and flung it to the ground, vowing that no one should use it again. A fragment rebounding flew in my face and cut my cheek, thus completing the ruin both of my features and of my dress-shirt.

For a few moments GRASSO remained quiet; then with a terrific smile he observed "*Andiamo*" and pointed to the door, which opened into a gallery overlooking the main hall of the restaurant. Scarcely had I got outside when he seized me with an iron grip, called me the most wonderful man he had ever met, kissed me twenty-two times on each cheek, and observing in a hoarse voice, "*Volli subito*," leapt over the rail on to seven members of the Stock Exchange, who were supping together.

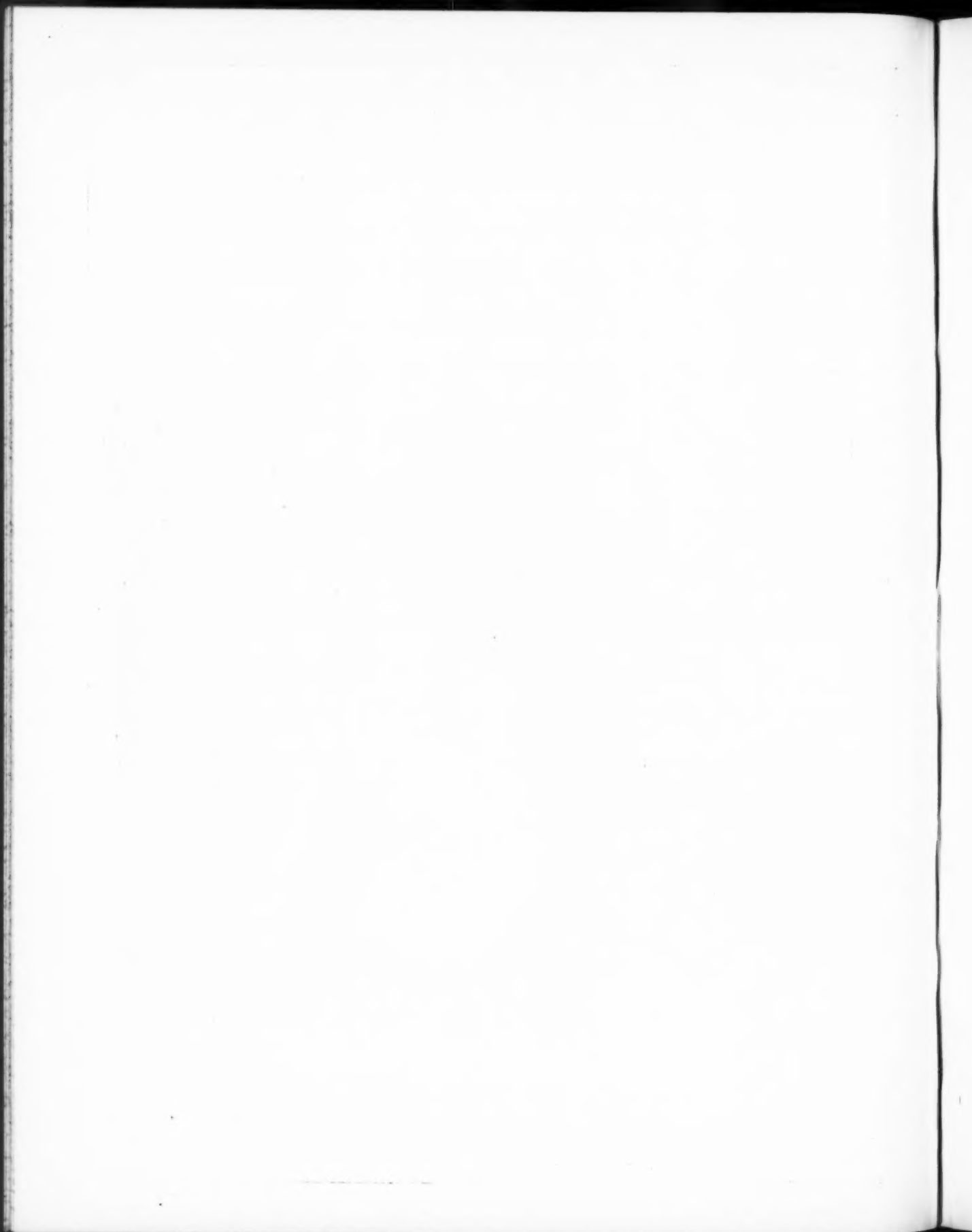
My impressions of Grasso are still vivid, but my doctor assures me they will gradually fade away. Meanwhile I am planning a new tour to the Zambesi for rest and quiet among the man-eaters.



Bernard Partridge

THORNS IN THE WOOLSACK.

LORD HALSBURY (to Lord Loreburn). "OF COURSE, MY DEAR FELLOW, I DON'T WANT TO PREACH TO YOU, BUT IMPARTIALITY IS THE BEST POLICY. LOOK AT ME. I NEVER GOT INTO TROUBLE WITH MY PARTY!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 1.—A dozen questions addressed to PREMIER drafted with intent to pull up LORD CHANCELLOR as he strays down Primrose path that leads to swamping of magisterial bench with good Conservatives. For full fortnight H. H., bold and skilful horseman, has refused this fence. General conviction that he must take it to-day. And he did, with dexterity that increases his renown.

Charge, briefly put, is that LORD CHANCELLOR, member of a Liberal Government, personally regarded as ultra-Radical before he found salvation in House of Lords, so far from redressing balance of Parties on magisterial bench as left by his predecessor, even excelled that eminent purist in snubbing Liberal candidates, systematically filling up vacancies by appointment of men from opposite political camp. Categorical instances submitted in abundance in support of charge. Would PRIME MINISTER, at last brought to bay, defend this procedure on part of his colleague, or would he lament, even denounce it?

Well, he said nothing about it. Rapidly reading from manuscript he cited particulars of the appointment, actual and proximate, of Advisory Committees who would undertake to submit to LORD CHANCELLOR names of desirable J.P.'s.

"In England 22 of these Committees have been appointed; in Wales 5; in Scotland 9; making 36 in all. Arrangements for the establishment of Committees are now proceeding in 17 English, 4 Welsh and 10 Scottish counties, and when they are completed 67 Committees will have been set up."

The PREMIER, looking up from manuscript, surveyed crowded House with air of modest triumph. What more could moderate men desire? Sixty-seven Advisory Committees! He almost audibly smacked his lips as he repeated the sum-total.

Meanwhile Ministerialists in revolt below Gangway gasped for breath. What they wanted was to get at the LORD CHANCELLOR, and here they were doused with floods of Advisory Committees. There was one point in connection with this subject which, if

touched upon, might have invested it with interest. According to testimony of the incomparable Custos Rotulorum of the Isle of Ely, when he submitted to LORD CHANCELLOR six names of desirable J.P.'s (who, to his intense surprise, turned out to be all prominent local Conservatives), the LORD CHANCELLOR suggested that they should be submitted to the Advisory Committee. Custos Rotulorum explained that he

temporarily, SARK believes. Anyhow, first round decidedly in favour of LORD CHANCELLOR.

AGG-GARDNER, back after long absence, received warm personal greeting from both sides on taking Oath and seat for Cheltenham, recaptured for the Unionists by a majority of four.

Business done.—Still harping in Committee on Clause 2 of Parliament Bill.

Tuesday.—Rather pretty little incident varied dulness of Question

Hour. In temporary absence of MINISTER OF EDUCATION the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO BOARD answered series of questions propounded by the pertinacious WILLIE PEEL and the hortatory HOARE. Great opportunity for young Minister. RUNCIMAN all very well in his way; perhaps a little disposed to be curt and off-hand. Without assuming air of superiority foreign to a modest nature TREVELYAN might show—at least suggest—a better way.

Accordingly, in response to the two groups of questions he prepared a couple of speeches crowded with informing detail, in length about the proportion of a chapter in the "Life of Garibaldi." When, standing at the table, he concluded reading of first two foolscap folios dealing with what in associations of the hour may be called the preamble of PEEL'S Shorter Catechism, there was a movement of restlessness on benches opposite. Clearing his throat and embarking on the third folio, was interrupted by a cheer.

This as agreeable as it was unexpected. Honourable Gentlemen seated in neighbourhood of WINTERTON and BANBURY rarely show themselves disposed to encourage merit on Treasury Bench. Evident from renewed cheer as TREVELYAN, with fuller assurance, in slightly raised voice, continued the reading that

they were touched at last. The PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY blushed with pleasure. Handsomely recognised that success not entirely his own. Was indebted to colleagues on permanent staff for the full particulars he lavished on an entranced audience. Still, extreme modesty could not ignore circumstance that it was he who had garnered the sheaves of information and deftly arranged them in a prodigious shock.

When fifth folio was turned over, enthusiasm of Opposition began to



AGG-GARDNER re-appears with a "Triumphant Tariff Reform Majority" of 4.
(Introduced by Mr. M. H. HICKS-BEACH and Mr. H. TERRELL.)

was going off on holiday trip to Egypt first thing in the morning. Accordingly suggestion not insisted upon, and the list accepted without further question. What did the PREMIER think of that as bearing on efficiency of his panacea?

He may have thought a good deal. Certainly he said nothing. Concluded by refusing to provide facilities for discussing whole question. So, amid ominous murmurs on Ministerial benches, answered by jubilant cheers from Opposition, incident closed. Only

grow embarrassing. Reading concluded, the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY resumed his seat amid hilarious burst of cheering.

Performance repeated when he produced second sheaf of manuscript preparatory to replying to HOARE. Once, the continuous rumbling of cheers rising to jubilant shout as a third folio was turned over, TREVELYAN looked up with sharp glance of suspicion. Were the fellows opposite larking? Was it possible they were not in earnest in desire to have explained the ramifications of Article 14 of the Technical School Regulations, 1910? Were the Regulations expressed in Article 29 (b), applicable to Evening Schools, nought to them? TREVELYAN began to be doubtful. On the whole thought it well to hurry up, omitting a brief historical review of circumstances preceding the enactment of Article 14. This will probably be printed and circulated with other papers.

Business done.—By sitting tight and taking no thought of the morrow when night was merged in it, Clause 2, crucial enactment of Parliament Bill, passed through Committee.

Thursday.—CATHCART WASON, loyal Ministerialist, does not desire to embarrass the Government, at least not whilst Parliament Bill is still in hand. But it is well known there are circumstances under which the reluctant worm, not to speak of the Brobdingnagian boa-constrictor, will turn.

These culminated in discovery that in maps circulated by the Road Board the Orkney Islands, which CATHCART has the privilege of representing in Parliament, are shown on a smaller scale than the rest of the United Kingdom.

Seem to remember that, when at the General Election of 1905 there was talk of BROTHER EUGENE going to assist BROTHER CATHCART in his candidature for Orkney, SARK circulated report to effect that at a public meeting, held in Kirkwall Court House, protest was made on ground of public safety. There was, it was insisted, no room on the island for both the Bounding Brothers, whose united height approaches 14 feet, whose combined weight would (if the scales held out) mark 39 stone.

That by the way. It did not seriously affect weight of CATHCART's grievance. HOBHOUSE judiciously absent, ILLINGWORTH, acting as Deputy,

tremblingly undertook that the affront should be removed.

There was something in JOYCE's suggestion, much applauded by House, that in future maps the Orkney Islands should be drawn to the scale of the sitting Member.

Business done.—Invalidity and Insurance Bill introduced.

MORE M.C.C. LAWS.

WE are asked to state that at the Annual General Meeting of the M.C.C., which took place on May 3rd, in addition to the alterations and amend-

square-leg umpire; but no contribution to it shall, however, be made by any player who has retired to the pavilion for refreshment.

5. The curve described by fast bowlers in their run-up, the starting-point of which, when measured by the bowler, may be marked by the excavation of a large hole in the turf, shall not exceed two full cricket pitches in length.

6. The fast bowler having arrived at the crease and being about to deliver the ball, the batsman, if playing against him, may compel him to stop and do the whole thing over again, on the plea that someone in the pavilion seats, behind the probable line of flight of the ball, is about to sneeze.

7. A player being at once an Authentic (or Crusader) and a Free Forester, shall wear the blazer of the former and the sash of the latter, and shall also (if entitled to do so) wear an M.C.C. sweater; always provided that he be not playing for any of those clubs at the time.

8. All players shall have their trousers turned up at the bottom in a line running at right angles to their crease. The border so formed shall be at least one inch and a half deep, and shall leave an hiatus of at least two inches between the bottom of the dado and the top of the boot. But if the player be wearing white socks with fancy clocks, the said hiatus shall measure not less than three inches.

9. Players shall not wear a cap, but shall have their hair long enough, in the opinion of the umpire, to touch the tip of the nose. The hair shall be brushed as far as possible parallel, and not at right angles, to the crease, which shall be drawn preferably in the centre of the matting. The matting shall be maintained uncracked and in good condition by the application of grease regularly throughout the season, the best results being secured by a mixture of linseed and olive oil in equal parts.

The Secretary will be glad to hear of any other Unwritten (Amateur) Laws suitable for embodiment in the M.C.C. Rules.

"Regent's Park is now ablaze with tulips in an infinite and enchanting variety of hues. But, above all, the park is now ablaze with tulips in an infinite and enchanting variety of hues."—*Evening News*.

Even our best periods seem to lose something when repeated so quickly.



NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

ments to existing laws, it was also decided to formulate the following Unwritten (Amateur) Laws:—

1. Players shall, in the best interests of the game, refrain from emerging from the pavilion for at least a quarter of an hour after the umpires have gone out.

2. A player who, on returning to the pavilion at the conclusion of his innings, is received with applause, shall break into a lumbering run for the last dozen yards, at the same time being careful not to trip on the pavilion steps.

3. An appeal for l.b.w. shall not be regarded as a "confident" appeal unless it include an ejaculation on the part of long-leg.

4. A "general" appeal for l.b.w. shall be any appeal loud enough to wake the



Mistress. "WELL, COOPER, WHAT IS THE WEATHER TO BE LIKE?"
 Gardener. "WELL, MUM, I DUNNO; BUT THE PAPER DO SAY 'FORECAST.'"

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TUG-OF-WAR TEST.

[The Daily Mail has received testimonials from various head-masters as to the increased weight of their boys after the adoption of Standard Bread.]

Oh, the sports were done and the races run, but the Tug-of-war was left,
 And the school was full of the coming pull, and longed to display its heft;
 For every house had applied its nous to training a lusty eight,
 And each was mad on somebody's fad for putting on extra weight.

For Blore's had smiles for EUSTACE MILES, and lived on the sweet, sweet pea,
 And Cook's were caught by the line of thought of a very renowned M.D.,
 So they stayed indoors with unwashed pores for most of the Easter Term,
 But Foster's were fed on Standard Bread and the whole of the healthy germ.

But Cook's caught cold when they left the fold, and shrank in the light of day,
 And Blore's physique was wretchedly weak, and they suddenly passed away,

But Foster's remained and Fort's, who trained on original English fare,
 Whose food in chief was the good roast beef and plenty of open air.

Now Fort's were big with ox and pig, and one of them broke the scale,
 But Foster's had grown a good ten stone and swore by *The Daily Mail*;
 So they put their trust in the Standard crust and the power of the halfpenny Press,
 And they shifted Fort's on the seat of their shorts, and won a superb success.

(Get it at any decent Baker's.)

From HARROD'S Catalogue: "The Automatic Stamp Machine is invaluable for country houses. Guests can obtain their own stamps, without application to host or hostess, by inserting penny in slot. Faulty coins returned."
 This is a blow. Hitherto we have always put our bad money by for the week-ends.

"Hugh Gibson failed on the one in three portion owing to belt slip, although he had run in his leather belt on a side car for 120 miles."—*Motor Cycling*.
 We don't care where HUGH runs, but he *must* wear something more than a leather belt in future.

There has recently been discovered a codicil to SHAKESPEARE'S will, in which he leaves his "second best bed" in the Wye to Sir EDWARD DURNING-LAWRENCE.

AT THE PLAY. "PLAYING WITH FIRE."

WHEN an actor marries an actress (always a daring experiment) and, six months later, disguises himself in a wig and moustache, a Russian uniform and an Italian accent, and succeeds in imposing upon her, you will be right in suspecting an improbability. Unlikely in the case of an ordinary wife, it is more than unlikely with one who has been accustomed to recognise her man under all sorts of histrionic make-ups. So certain critics, I understand, are complaining that all this is incredible. I confess it delights me that they can preserve so fresh and ingenious an attitude in the course of labours that would leave most men hard and cynical. Improbability in a theatre! Heavens, what do we go there for, except to see improbabilities? I love them! I loved the big one and I loved all the others that only seemed small by comparison. I loved that loud and passionate dialogue in the vestibule of the Royal Box at Covent Garden, partly conducted in full sight and hearing of the house, and drowning all the first Act of *Butterfly* except the orchestra and one female soloist. I loved, too, the spectacle of the foreign prince appearing in full military uniform at afternoon tea in a London flat. *Credo, quia credere volo* is my motto for the theatre, as it was that of the husband in the last Act when he was as well aware as I was that his wife was lying all she knew.

But, even if your logical mind resented this kind of thing, yet her final lie, and the swift ease of it, ought to have made amends. Her previous prevarications had been creditable, yet they might have been achieved, in a tight corner, by a mere man; but this last, where she tells him that she had seen through his disguise all the time, was a triumph of pure womanly inspiration. And here the author cleverly disarms the critics by anticipating their view of the improbability of things. For, in her quality of actress, she appeals to her husband, as an actor, with the argument that he must know too much of the stage to imagine that such a disguise would not be easily penetrable. Thus the very incredibility of what has gone before is employed to make her lie the more credible. Incidentally, too, she makes herself out to be a better histron than he, for has she not by her brilliant acting deceived him all the while into the belief that she was deceived by his disguise? So from an almost hopeless position she emerges doubly triumphant.

All through the last Act Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE was extraordinarily

good. At first she had been vaguely reminiscent of Miss LENA ASHWELL; but in the end she was altogether herself, full of resource and persuasiveness.

Mr. LORAINÉ was admirable in his assumption of the taint of the stage. His imitation of Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM was no doubt partly unconscious; but, not only in his adopted rôle of Russian Prince, where professional experience was necessarily indicated, but also in the domestic circle, he consciously suggested the atmosphere of the theatre. His subtleties, however, were perhaps a little spoiled by the author, who now and then played the part of showman, being over-anxious lest we should miss the idea.

To Mr. BEVERIDGE, as genial friend of the family, was assigned the inadequate



The Triumph of Falshood, or Truth takes it kneeling down.

Henry Longton Mr. ROBERT LORAINÉ.
Gertrude Longton Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.

task of killing time, and Mrs. CALVERT's delightful gifts were badly wasted on the third-rate character of a duenna.

I venture to think that the wife's vague yearnings for some glimpse of romance—yearnings that find expression in the habitual strumming of Chopin in a half-light (a foible which naturally irritates her husband)—are inconsistent with the record of the many hearts she had captured in her prenuptial career.

But my real grievance is that we had to pass one long interval with the curtain up instead of down. I think it rash for an author to fix deliberately by schedule a definite period before the next feature of interest is due to occur. Thus for a solid half-hour, while the hero, off the stage, was busy

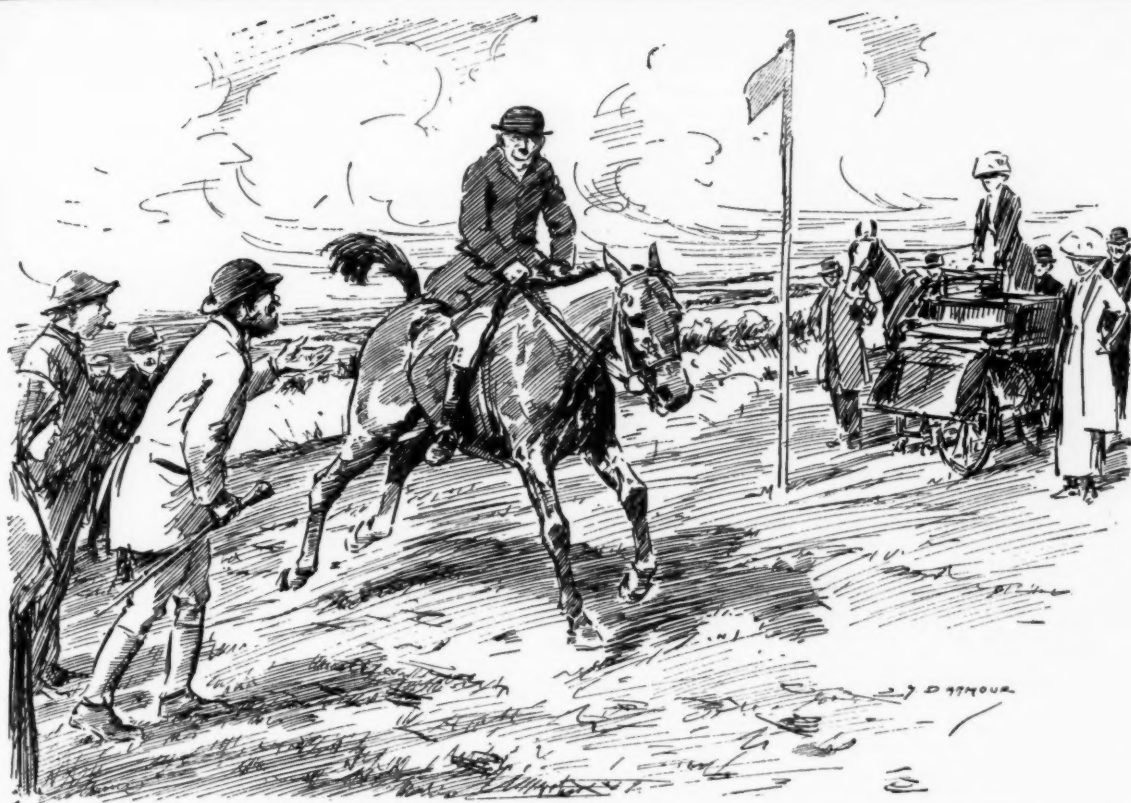
lighting the fire that he was advertised to "play with," we waited with our eyes on the dilatory clock, knowing that we had to wait, and with nothing to occupy us except a dull speculation as to whether the trivialities of the dialogue and action had been properly timed to last out. Otherwise I enjoyed myself very well indeed—much better than I did at the Royal Academy. There (apart from the pictures themselves) the trouble is the want of space between them. Here, at the Comedy, there was too much wall-paper. But the pictures, when they did occur, were always worth while. O.S.

"THE MASTER OF MRS. CHILVERS."

Mr. Geoffrey Chilvers, M.P., on his appointment to the post of Under Home Secretary, decided to seek re-election. Mr. JEROME K. JEROME thought that the law required him to do this, but, of course, Mr. Chilvers knew that he was accepting a post of profit under the Home Office and not under the Crown, and that therefore he did not need to go before his constituents again. However, having nothing better to do, and wishing to celebrate his appointment in some way, he arranged to indulge in the luxury of a by-election. Meanwhile his wife had promised the Women's Parliamentary Franchise League to contest the next by-election, a recent decision of the House of Lords having made it legal for a woman to be nominated, even though she would not be allowed to take her seat. When she finds she is up against her husband she is naturally surprised—so is he; but it is suggested to them that they are in a position to give a great example to the world of the way to fight an election—i.e., in love and sympathy.

However, it turns out that the election is fought just in the ordinary way—i.e., in anger and bitterness. Mrs. Chilvers gets in by fourteen votes. Husband and wife are by this time completely estranged; in fact Geoffrey, who started out by being President of the Men's League for Extending the Franchise to Women (M.L.E.F.W.), is now, to judge from some of his remarks, a keen anti-Suffragist. . . And then Mrs. Chilvers tells her husband that she is going to have a child, an announcement which, if it doesn't settle the Suffrage question completely, at any rate settles it in the Chilvers household.

Mr. JEROME has done a notable thing. He has written a play upon a very debatable subject without revealing where his own sympathies lie. Probably everybody who goes to the Royalty will come away convinced that the author is really on his side.



Irish Owner of last horse in Farmers' Race. "GLORY TO GOODNESS, JOHNNY, PHWAT WAS UT DETAINED YE?"

And if you have no particular side, or are bored with the whole question, you will, at any rate, enjoy to the full the humours of the election scenes as interpreted by those delightful artists, EDMUND GWENN, MICHAEL SHERBROOKE, SIDNEY FAREBROTHER and ESMÉ BERINGER.

The parts of the rival candidates did not present any difficulties to Mr. DENNIS EADIE and Miss LENA ASHWELL—I could have wished that they had had more chances of showing their great powers. Miss ETHEL DANE gave a very pretty little sketch of the Organizing Secretary of the W.P.F.L. But I might say that the whole of the cast was as good as it could possibly be. Mr. JEROME's play, indeed, is well worth seeing—not only for the thought and humour he has put into it, but also for the remarkable way in which it is interpreted. M.

The Velvet Hand in the Iron Glove.

"The authenticity of the sword as a genuine relic is at least in doubt, and the only thing that seems really to suggest that it once belonged to Jeanne is that the scabbard is made small enough for a woman's hand."

Westminster Gazette.

Scabbards are hardly ever worn now.

OUR NEW ANTHOLOGISTS.

AN interview with Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, which recently appeared in an evening paper, contains the following memorable passage:—

"Mr. Sumner has edited 'Great Thoughts,' a birthday book with quotations from my poems. He read the dictionary through three times to find out all the most uplifting and inspiring words, and these words head each page in alphabetical order, with a verse referring to it from one of my poems. The idea came to him while sitting in Trafalgar-square, and in the book, which will be published in two months, there is a photograph of the square as the frontispiece."

Mr. SUMNER's idea is admirable, but it is not altogether original, as the following exclusive information, supplied by our literary expert, will sufficiently prove.

Mr. Alexander Biffin is engaged on a volume of *Ex-Austin Extracts*—a birthday book with quotations from the poems of the Laureate. By way of preparation he read through the *Encyclopædia Britannica* ten times to familiarize himself with the whole range of human knowledge, and the most stirring subjects head each page in alphabetical order with an appropriate couplet from one of the Laureate's

poems. The idea came to Mr. Biffin while he was travelling in the Tube, and in the book a photograph of the interior of a Tube carriage appears as the frontispiece.

Mr. Raymond Begbie is at work on a volume with the engaging title of *Great Strokes*, being an anthology of wise, witty and tender sayings from the works of Mr. Bam Stroker. As a preliminary to his labour of selection Mr. Raymond Begbie read through the volume of the New Oxford Dictionary containing the letter "B," thirteen times, in order to find out all the most soul-satisfying epithets. These epithets—e.g., "bulbous," "bountiful," "burbling"—head each page in order of intensity, with an appropriate extract for each day of the week. The idea came to Mr. Raymond Begbie while he was lunching with Sir OLIVER LODGE, and a photograph of the cerebellum of the great scientist decorates the volume as a frontispiece.

"It is announced in *The Gazette* that the King has appointed the Rev. H. M. BULGE to be Headmaster of Winchester College."

The Standard.

Too late.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

IV.—RAILWAYS.

THE press of persons expected in the Metropolis for the Coronation of KING GEORGE V. and the circumstance that many of them will be brought thither in trains has made it a suitable time for some illuminative remarks on the railway systems of this country, more especially as HIS MAJESTY is himself an occasional passenger.

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.

Steam, which is the vapour given off by water at certain temperatures, was first noticed at the Hot Springs in Colorado by the aboriginal Indians. Subsequently Sir WALTER RALEIGH, while engaged in cooking potatoes for the first time upon a peak in Darien, noticed that water begins to boil in an open vessel at 212°F. The next stage was reached by Sir ISAAC WATTS, whose kettle boiled over while he was writing "How doth the little busy bee." From this stage to the triple-expansion spontaneous combustion engine was simple, once BOYLE'S Law had been fully grasped. The crank will always be associated with the name of SHAW. The throttle valve was invented by Dr. GAROTTE.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

The first ordinary passenger locomotive was constructed by GEORGE STEPHENSON, an engineer famous for his remark that if a cow should meet it on the line it would be "awkward for the coo." Since that day—1829—there have been many improvements in railway travelling, and you may now sit comfortably in your compartment and learn how far you are from London by the information on the boards erected by pill-makers in the meadows beside the line.

PERSONNEL.

Promotion is the essence of a railwayman's life. Carriage-cleaners become porters, porters become ticket-collectors, ticket-collectors become guards, guards become inspectors, inspectors become station-masters, station-masters become superintendents, superintendents become general managers, general managers become very rich and ride free on all other lines. Porters become rude, if you don't tip them. Whether porters are paid by the railway company as well as by the passengers is a point that has never been rightly decided. The only person with courage systematically to oppose tipping is Sir JOSEPH LYONS. All SMITH'S bookstall boys carry in their baskets the portfolio of a First Lord of the Admiralty.

HUMOUR.

As a field for an enterprising humorist there are few places more profitable than a railway compartment—particularly if he is rich and a rebel. When tired of the ordinary amenities of travel, such as looking out of the windows, whistling, and staring his fellow-passengers out of countenance, he may begin to be original. Taking out his pocket-knife he may erase the "T" of "Train" in the sentence "Wait till the train stops." He may then place upon the rack above the opposite seat bulky articles for which it was not constructed and watch the effect. He may throw soda-water and other bottles out of the window. Finally he may pull the communication-cord without sufficient reason, and when the train stops and the guard arrives hand him a five-pound note in payment—that being the *prix fixe*. Many of our funniest men have graduated in railway compartments.

A FEW STRAY FACTS.

It is not permitted to a passenger with a third-class ticket to travel in a first-class compartment, and the officials of the line display the liveliest emotion on discovering any one doing this, and exact from him the difference in fares. But it is open to any one to travel in a third-class compartment with a first-class ticket and no restitution is made to him.

One way to travel free is under the seat or clinging to a buffer or in a coal or cattle truck. A better and more comfortable way is to wear a good hat and say "Season" in an authoritative and opulent voice.

A return ticket is one which is sold for both journeys at a slightly reduced rate, in the hope that the purchaser will lose the other half. It is illegal to give or sell the return half to any one else, but few forms of illegality are more popular and less unreasonable.

Some English trains are heated, especially those designed for stock-brokers and co-respondents on their way to Brighton. Or else footwarmers are placed in the compartments by porters in return for a money payment. These footwarmers are supplied to the railway companies free by the amalgamated boot-makers of England, who reap a splendid profit on their outlay through the damage done to passengers' soles.

RAILWAY ELOCUTION.

With the laudable view of carrying illiterate passengers past their destination, porters and other officials are

carefully instructed in a system of voice-production which renders the names of stations entirely unintelligible.

DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLERS.

Among eminent persons who frequently make use of railway trains are LORD ESHER, JAMSETJI, and MR. WILLIAM WILLETT. Miss LILY ELSIE has occasionally been seen alighting from a first-class compartment. Madame CLARA BUTT is very loath to leave the platform and invariably warbles a few bars before entering her compartment or departing from the station. On these occasions the engine-whistles are carefully tuned in the favourite key of the great vocalist.

THE FUTURE.

Those who watch the signs of the times realize that, with the competition of the motor so active, railway companies will sooner or later have to adapt themselves to new conditions. But they know also, from their knowledge of railway companies, that it will be later rather than sooner. There is no doubt that trains which may be flagged so as to stop at cross-roads as well as at recognized halts and stations will have to be established, even if it means a new set of rails for them to run on, so as not to interfere with express traffic. Our great great-grandchildren will perhaps see it done.

Billiard Note.

A correspondent writes, *à propos* of our Billiard Supplement: "It may be of interest to your readers to know that by the munificence of a patron of the game who wishes to remain anonymous a home of rest for ex-champions is now being built at Grayshott."

"In printing yesterday the name of one of the musical comedies, which the Bandmann Company is presenting next week, as the 'Grill In The Train' what our composers really meant to set was, of course, 'The Girl In the Drain.'—*South China Morning Post*."

We are glad to read this correction. What sounded merely tough before becomes now absolutely thrilling.

The Eastern Daily Press on "Money":

"The celebrated club scene will be a very special attraction, and the very exceptional sight of some fifty representatives of the theatrical profession, one of them a star, roused in the club as 'supers,' will be afforded."

The grouping of forty-nine representatives of the theatrical profession round one star has always been a very popular effect with our actor-managers.



POULTRY FARMING IN ARCADIA.

Wife to Husband. "I SAY, OLD THING, SING OUT WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR ME TO PULL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WE are still, perhaps, too near to the actual epoch of which it treats, for such a book as *George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works* (HURST AND BLACKETT) to have the right perspective. To the elders amongst us, especially, many of whom can actually remember BERNARD SHAW in the flesh, the task of Mr. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, the compiler of this monumental tribute, must appear little less than heroic. However, he is an American, which no doubt upheld him. The large and exceedingly handsome volume which he has produced (at twenty-one shillings net) deals with its distinguished subject in every variety of aspect, while managing to remain itself both interesting and entertaining. Nothing, indeed, but copious quotation, which space forbids, could do justice to its many-sidedness; the value of the whole being increased by an unusually large number of facsimiles and illustrations, amongst which I greeted with delight "our Mr. E. T. REED's" inimitable drawing of the Super-Shakspeare. Altogether, if the last word on a great man had to be said, it could not have been done better; though I hardly understand why an Author's Introduction and a Preface should have been required (perhaps it was force of association that compelled the latter). On the other hand, the chapters headed "Closing Days," and "Summary," usually to be found in books of this nature, seem unaccountably omitted. This apart, however, Mr. HENDERSON's volume remains a most complete, not to say exhaustive, survey, which one cannot dismiss without reflecting how greatly BERNARD SHAW himself would have enjoyed reading it.

It was the opinion of the town of *Mallingbridge* that "its best business man was a woman," and that is a

fair estimate of the commercial side of *Mrs. Thompson* (HUTCHINSON). The large emporia of the Provinces are of two kinds. The one is sedate and old-fashioned, and the mere fact of being in its windows gives to saleable goods an air of soundness and durability. Such was *Thompson's*. The other relies upon its magnificent exterior to tempt you to buy articles which you know from the first to be gimerack. Such was *Thompson's* rival over the way. As long as *Mrs. Thompson* kept to business, success remained on her side of the street; but it crossed over when, in spite of her more than middle age, she took to marriage with a plausible blackguard. In short, the only fault of the commercial side of her was that it was not the only side, for out of that alone Mr. W. B. MAXWELL creates a story entertaining and very true to life, and the nicely contrived surprise, on which it ends, pleased me none the less because I ought to have anticipated it all along. But progress through the matrimonial part was somewhat in the nature of a wallow; for, though prudery is to-day the one unforgivable sin, I yet think there are some intimate details of sex and physique better not mentioned in polite society and to be left without regret to the medical text-books.

If the country goes to the dogs, Sir, in the hands of Radical extremists, it will not, I gather, be Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL's fault. People who read and admired *The Hill* will no doubt remember the struggle between good and evil friends for the soul of *Cesar Desmond*. In *John Verney* (MURRAY) they will learn how "*Demon*" *Scaife* went on from strength to strength and multiplied his wickedness exceedingly, until he became both a millionaire and at the same time a Socialist leader. Not content with wresting a hole at golf from a Cabinet Minister by omitting to count a niblick shot, he turned the tide of an election against *Verney* (in whose interests he

was supposed to be working) by means of a shameless Free Trade leaflet, and finally secured the affections of *John's* fiancée, *Sheila Desmond*. There is much that is good and much that is clever in Mr. VACHELL's book (in which I am happy to say that the angel's triumph at last); but we live in a democratic age, and I find his tacit assumption of the importance of gentle birth at times a little ridiculous. Lucifer, son of the morning, would, I think, on account of his aristocratic descent have received far more tolerant treatment from this writer than "*Demon*" *Scaife*, who actually boasted that his grandfather had been a navy. Very adroit use, however, has been made of the political situation for the purposes of romance, and only the accident of being obliged, on his father's death, to enter the House of Lords prevented the *Demon* from forming a trio with two prominent statesmen whose identity has not been very laboriously concealed.

Wilson's (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is a public-school story by DESMOND COKE, which will probably appeal most to an older generation of school-boys. Mr. COKE describes emotions and temperaments with more conviction than he describes games. His heart is not really in the "nasty ball to land near up and with an awkward twist" which *Eyre* bowled "with especial care and skill." He is much more interested in moral struggles; he would spend two pages on the analysis of a character sooner than one on the analysis of a bowler. The character which attracts him in this book is that of *Dick Hunter*, who left the School House in order to lick "*Wilson's*" into shape, *Wilson's* being the slackest house in the school. Unfortunately, this theme is old, as readers of *Hugh Rendal* will remember; but, whereas in that book *Hugh* had the difficult job of ruling a rebellious house by the force of authority alone, in this book *Dick* had the advantage of a personal strength which had nothing to fear from anybody. In this way Mr. COKE makes things easier for *Hunter*, but even so he gives us an interesting picture of his hero at work, and an excellent study of the house-master's detachment.

What prevented me from enjoying *Rosanne* (F. V. WHITE) so much as I might otherwise have done, was the behaviour of the central character, who gives her name to Mr. ALGERNON GISSING's latest novel. This was such that in spite, or perhaps because of, the real skill with which she was presented, I could only regard her with impatient irritation. In the first chapter, *Henley St. Cloe*, her husband, announces dramatically at dinner that he is a ruined man, and incidentally that he is more than fed up with *Rosanne*. Accordingly he goes to America, which I was sorry for, as, before we had gone much further, I should have liked to grasp his hand in cordial agreement. *Rosanne*, left to herself, becomes a kind of novice in an Anglican sisterhood; till ten years later, when *St. Cloe* returns with a fortune, and she—but to tell you more would be to spoil your

enjoyment of some vigorous and unconventional scenes, which form the best part of the tale. Anyhow, what ensued was a sad blow to some nice but nebulous persons who had been striving to bring about a happy ending to the affair. Personally, I was rather pleased; though I cannot pretend that the fate of *Rosanne* interested me to any overwhelming degree, one way or the other. Mr. GISSING tells it all very well, however, in an austere style that I have admired before. I am sorry he does not like the stage. But it was surely a little gratuitous to bring in "a famous actor" at the opening simply in order that he might behave like a cad, and disappear, after one chapter, amid the scorn of the elect.

Mr. COSMO HAMILTON has given such an air of reality to the polite scoundrels, male and female, in his book, *The Princess of New York* (HUTCHINSON), that I feel almost bound in spite of myself to believe that there really are people in London cultured, titled, and pedigreed, for whom the police are only waiting until they take just one more false step. The nice people in this story of a plot to acquire by marriage a Yankee heiress's millions I

believe in with no reluctance at all. They are, I think, by far the nicest that Mr. HAMILTON has ever put into a book, and, as I think the book he has put them into is also his best, they are in their right place, and everything is as it should be.

"A strange and beautiful new world to most people is being constructed in secrecy at Shepherd's Bush just now," says the London Correspondent of *The Dundee Courier*. And with justification. For



PHRASES THAT HAVE GONE WRONG.
"As GRAVE AS A JUDGE."

in the Indian Section "the Black Hole of Calcutta will serve to recall one of the most sombre incidents in the history of the Indian Mutiny." And as if this were not strange and new enough there will be seen in the Scottish Section "The Pass of Killiecrankie, where the Hanoverian troops achieved their final success over the Jacobite Highlanders." So it's all up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

"The Chief Rabbi has issued, in Hebrew and English, a special service for all synagogues in the British Empire on Coronation Day. It includes a prayer for the King and Royal Family and the National Anthem in both languages."—*Daily News*.

But one verse, anyhow, of the National Anthem is past praying for.

From the first sentence of a letter in *The Nation* :—

"Sir, as an author in a limited way, naturally the Copyright Bill is of interest and importance."

The grammar explains the "limited."

Commercial Candour.

From an advt. of a Cinematograph Show in the *Singapore Free Press* :

"We charge low prices of admission but they are recognised by our regular visitors as being consistent with the quality of pictures."